

Dear STMs W/w,

3/7/73

This was an odds and ends morning during which, while going around on various things, I had time to read the heavy mail. Perhaps when I get to some of the rest it may interest. As I now plan things for the rest of the day, after this I'll send a list of what is in almost a half pound of clips from Howard. There seem to be many that you might go to the trouble of copying and that I'd like to save you.

What is fascinating and exceedingly helpful is the time you took for analysis on the Dione caper.

Before getting to that, and I expect to make more explanations, the only reason I haven't in the past being the desire to avoid influencing your independent judgements, the other things at the beginning of Jim's of the 2nd.

I wrote Trumbo, sending the letter to Art Kevin to forward. Art gave me his address. I had a number of purposes in mind in writing Trumbo. I've had no response and the letter has not been returned. There was an item in a Sunday Times saying that he is scripting a JFK assassination movie. Although I said nothing of this, I felt that if any of the screen writers would tackle this, he'd be among the most likely, and would fall prey to the nuts, with a number of knowing leading the ward. I also thought he'd be interested in part of his own history, the Hollywood Ten days.

I think Stephanie Mills is the connection with the Point Foundation. Can't recall how I filed. Thanks.

I know the joy of the staying-home feeling. We are such as need no cheap diversions. If Lil were not working I'd rarely get into town, and that is very close if seemingly distant. 10 mins. to post office. I avoid Washington as much as possible. The movies don't interest us (except for an occasional old and good one on TV). And I love getting out with the axe and machete. Lil has been depressed, figuratively and literally, and I'm hoping to get her to keeping that marvelous green thumb in the soil. Which reminds me, I need a consultation with some orientalists. A friend whose brother died near San Francisco returned with three chunks of a ti tree. We knew a little about them. Lil kept them in water and they are growing. The are at the point where she deemed it necessary to give them soil. I hesitate to make any suggestions in these areas to her not only because I know so little but because she is an authentic expert and has the gift. I got her some suitable pots and brought in a three-gallon size pot of soil. She was in a hurry and planted all three half way in that point, watering it daily. Today the leaves show yellow. So, if you know, what does one do with ti cuttings? (We've got a mimosa in the house, an accident we are keeping to see if it dwarfs itself.) I have arranged for a neighbor to plow a spot for a garden, but what a job it will be, between the honeysuckle roots that will remain and the rabbits. I'd be willing to plant a separate one for them, but I doubt I could teach them to read in time. I'm probably going to have to fence and then worry about their digging under and coons, one of which is dead in the lane this a.m. Somebody shot it, ~~braggett~~ brought it there and deposited it. I think I told you I feed even the skunks and have them pretty tame-as tame as I want them! So, it is a delight to have worthwhile things to do and worthwhile need for getting outdoors and working there. We've cut down on the fuel bill with the fire place and by my just lowering the thermostat when Lil isn't home. Burning it nightly and not able to cut any for four days, I've still got a two-day supply in the house and about as much dry stuff outside as protection against an emergency. I can ~~xxxxxx~~ Marches with as much as 30" of snow and lines down for a week. I've rescued a dozen dead trunks from the honeysuckle and await another neighbor who has a chain saw. As you may remember, aged locust makes all but the ahrpest axe jump. If I even collect any of the money we are owed, I may get a small chain saw because it is a real job saving the worthwhile trees on five acres. Too many have been choked out. Besides, we like them and want the nicer ones to grow and prospect. This winter I saved a half-dozen spruce we didn't even know we had. So, with the inside work and the out, I know and to a degree share you a joy at not going anywhere.

Your mention of your VW makes me think of my Valiant. I wish I knew someone in Chrysler's p.r. dept. It has over 100,000 miles on it, has never needed a major repair, has never had any repair on the motor itself, and I don't even check the oil after changes for the first 1,500 miles. It is now beginning to have used a little by then. In 4,000 miles, when I change and service, it may use 2 qts. No wonder they discontinued that model!

It was Jim Schmitt. The last call I had from him was, I would say, from the end of a drunk and showed depression. His indications of depression were not related to his personal life, although they could have been. In all indications, it was the JFK assassination. I hope Hoch gets his files. Jim would not do anything except look at papers. There were some easy things I asked of him, like looking at the available (there) city directories. No response - not once, over several years. He had a sharp mind.

What you say of the cassettes is essentially what I'd reasoned for myself, but I was not sure because the size of the sale attempted was so small. Now, we do have much static electricity here. It makes annoying troubles with carbon paper and second sheets. I have assumed it is mostly from the nature of the heating system - very dry hot air. The 3M copier contributes to it. That stuff gets all charged up. But the other indications, distortion, etc., I've never had. I've had this happen on the road, when I was interviewing, but never here at home, until that cassette, never on the TC40, and that time only on the Craig. Where I tape for record only, as from the phone, I always use and file cheap tapes. I've accumulated a supply of Sonys, but I'm saving them in case I go away to work again. If Lesar has his way and Bud continues to show signs of becoming a bit battional, there are some investigations I should carry further. But my heart is not in them, frankly. I'll fight and fight hard, but having to fight everyone is a bit much when there are so many fights I can restrict myself to authentic enemies. But any further information will be helpful, when you see that fount. Now that I think of it, the only real trouble I've ever had is with the machine that was intercepted, the VOM. Which leads to "Ione. That is when it was intercepted! I hadn't thought of it until my mind went ahead in your letter. I was going there from Mpls when it happened. That reminds me of two other occasions on which I could have been booby-trapped or had the badger game played on me. I went up to Baton Rouge to interview her. She made my hotel reservation for me and spent most of the time, into the wee hours, in my room. I had to borrow a recorder from Ivon then. Mine had by then shown the effects of the treatment it got.

By now you know that I had Envelope 80 out of order.

Lil and I tried to puzzle out what she could have meant by harm to me. I know of none, yet there she seems sincere.. It is possible that something of which I have no awareness happened, or that she assumed things she had said could have hurt me. But let me hasten to assure you that there was nothing she could have reported. I didn't tell her anything. You have seen my letters in which I assure her that I never lied to her. Literally true. But I also didn't blab. And, strangely, she never tried to pry. She spent more time asking me about "il than all the other questions together. She seems to have developed an affection for Lil. But I must both confess and emphasize that I can't be at all sure than I have figured her. This is an exceptional mind. Devoted to good or the genuinely criminal it could do things. Thank God she isn't a strong man! When she gets really mad it is something! I remember once that during such an outburst I spanked her. Again, literally. I turned her over my knee and really belabored her backside. It worked, too. This makes me tend to credit what she says about her parents and parental relationships. I'd get real fatherly and she'd get mellow and daughterly.

Rather I'd get her going and she'd go on talking jags. But the daughterly think was from the first. I told you about the first week I knew her, when she zonked out after her then boyfriend brought her. Sge knew when I was leaving. So, the morning I was to leave, she and her Honda were there, early. She said she'd come to pack my bag for me. She did, too. I am aware that this could have been to see what was in it. But she didn't like the way I knotted my tie and insisted on doing it over, the way she wanted her father to knot his, she said.

I remember a to me odd reflection of her youth that morning. She turned to me and said, "Hal, how can you be 55 and not have a gray hair?" She was then 21.

She also knew I was checking her out and had no objections. That very morning I went to Clarence Giarrusso's office, then in the basement of the building in which Garrisons office is. Her Honda was there. She couldn't help seeing me and I didn't care. By then I had a picture of a man of whom she'd often spoken in a way I could not credit. I had his picture then, showed it to her, she said she didn't recognize it and showed no contrary signs, and she was emotionless when I turned it over and showed his name to her. But there is no doubt she knew all about him and ~~instant~~ details of his home, its

furniture arrangements, its tenants and their personal lives. Even his food preferences. Not all could have been memorized. (Exdept for names she has a fantastic memory.)

Aside from not really worrying about getting hurt, I agree with your analysis. However, aside from what I got from her it was not possible for anyone to learn from her what I was working on or even what interested me. This would pretty much limit her role, if she had an assigned one, to Dept. of Dininformation operations. She knew so little she never understood my relationship with Garrison. Only recently did I inform her, in a letter of which I sent you a carbon. Now, the only way one could have learned that was by bugging me outside of New Orleans, except at Matt's. I levelled with him and he didn't like it. He was and probably is hubg up on Jim.

It is not possible that the most incompetent espionage did not immediately disclose two things about Garrison: no real work and no real competence. I was too late tumbling to this, but I began to have doubts on my second trip. I am without doubt that he had been penetrated from the first and I am reasonably confident ~~in~~ that other finks will surface. I've got a couple of suspicions, too, including one I did trust. What I am saying here is that she served no purpose in anti-Garrison spying and accomplished none on me. The reason is simple: she had no knowledge and I can recall no effort. While I know her I missed only one thing. In the warm weather of 1968, probably the time my baggage was intercepted when I left Mpls, my addressbook disappeared. She could have stolen it. She is a pretty good crook. She actually stole a half-gallon of Johnnie Walker for me. For a slim girl (5'7" and not much over 100 lbs) that was no mean accomplishment. Her boy friend was with her and confirmed the theft. And, she brought me the unopened bottle two weeks later. In an ambulance yet!

If she ever tried to manuever me into anything, I can't recall it. The only time she ever asked me to take her anyplace was when she selected the place we'd dine the last time I saw her.

So, your analysis is a good one and a logical one, but she was no wether. (If she ever had the intense sexual drive she has recently reflected, that also I did not see or have reported to me, and I did interview some of her former boyfriends. The opposite seems to be the case, which makes me wonder about the bondsman bit.)

Whether or not relevant, you are so right in remembering and relating what I'd not connected with this, the riddle! I hand't thought of that. It does fit, whether or not there is a connection. Then hearing from her after so long a silence. I am careless about such things and about security, the opposite of paranoid as Lil so often and so rightly complains. On this sense everything fits, including the timing. However, if she was in jail when she says she was, and I have reason to believe she was, why the long delay in writing me and then the hysteria in that and the following letters? She made no reference to it, but she then wrote me after I felt guilty about not writing her and had been reminded by the Xmas decorations she had made for me. I wrote her at her parents' home and not long after the flod began.

On the waste of time there is no question. It has been considerable over the years. Nor is she the only case of this. In such things I am easy to figure and can be figured to be almost self-manipulating. Here other things in our recent affairs can be relevant. I can find no reasonable explanation for a number, which is not unusual in life, so I can reach no conclusion. The things I have in mind are irrational, involving local and State government. So there also you are on the right beam.

You may also be correct in asking the value of what I really learned from her. What this really means is as a result of what I got from her. In no case does it involve the FBI and in no usable way does it involve the CIA. Liebhler and witnesses, of course. I do think rather significantly, but again, in ways that point away from the assorted spooks. To this day nothing on them. Generalities and evasions and delays, no more. Perhaps fantasies, too. The one exception you will hear on the tapes when I dub. She did give me as a distress number she was to use in emergencies one I had just been given in Mpls and one not assigned. One on which until after many calls, no intercept, either. But here I must ask you to remember that there is much I made no effort to check out, including about and pointing toward Shaw. I didn't believe and had no interest. Maybe I was wrong. Remember my comments on Kirgwood and nobody trusting their one guy?

If one ignores the kind of place Houston is, you are on solid enough ground in supposing the bust could have been arranged. On a normal place and with normal people, the most casual examination of her body would have disclosed the repairs of the past and at least suggested medical needs, including self-injections. This should have at

least have suggested a medical check, and I think the results of that would have let her go. She goes into this on the phone, too. I can believe it.

I haven't sent you her account of how she was bailed. Doubt is increased by her newest explanation of how the bondsman is off his lust: she gave the word to a couple of Black Panthers. They cooled the lustful. You see, I had other doubts before this. I know her. Aside from her being white, there is really nothing to make her the object of lust, aside from the fact that she is a woman. Almost any other would take the eye more. By now you have my ~~last~~ letter in which I also reminded her of the racism that would work her way if any unwanted advances or threats were made. Her fear was that she'd not have a chance to holler or confront, and neither is unreasonable.

The story here sounds romanticized. She has yet to give a reasonable explanation of why she was not bailed earlier and why she was in isolation. She could have blown her stack and accomplished both thereby.

Two heads are not enough, therefore the imposition on you and this time. Lil has read everything and been on an extension on the phone calls. She has read all but the letter that came yesterday. I put it aside and my answer for her to read last night, but she had to work. It is unfiled, awaiting her reading. But I have done nothing except advice and write her lawyer, as she asked. (I do find it strange that there has been no response and I can see it as crediting her, if she has exaggerated.) I did not invite her here. She invited herself. I don't expect it. In response I reminded her of the past when she said she wanted to come, the advance stipulations. With twisting I don't see anything to be used against me in what I've written.

She has said she'd repay the cost of the call. It will probably be like that steak dinner to which she was taking me and for which I paid. On other than compassionate grounds I felt I had to accept the call.

If she comes, as I do not anticipate, she'll have some money or she won't be able to fly. If she does come, then I'll have misgiving and be more cautious.

The one thing you do not address I raise. In all the strange characters that have shown, from the likes of Ruby and Dago Garner and Perry Russo to even Thornley and others, the one common characteristic is emotional disturbance of some kind. The ease of exploitation of this is obvious. There is no doubt that she has emotional problems, but I can't fathom them and can't say they are more than can be attributed to an unwanted child in a hung-up household. Given her startling imagination and her cunning, this is an area of considerable doubt for me. To put this in your terms, she need only be pointed. From there on she could be figured, as could I, pretty much. What makes this all the more difficult to dope out is the utter incompetence in the Garrison office, which should have followed such things as the Bringuier perjury, the Geraci kidnapping, etc.

Perhaps you now better understand my simplifying things for her, asking her for such easy things to communicate as box numbers. I don't think they'll be forthcoming and I also don't think a clear reading is certain if she doesn't. She could be afraid. She has gone to a number of shrinks over the years. Also not definitive.

Je's sensitivity is what I expected of her and so solicited it. There are these out-of-vision things and I also can't decide what they are or mean. If I were not also uneasy I'd not be taking this time. There is reflection of fear, but is it real or paranoia? Would she be as satisfied the conditioning factor is all that far-fetched if we begin with an emotionally-unstable person?

I have to admit that my own inability to figure is one of the things I find fascinating about the whole deal and prompts the taking of time that may be wasted except for a novel.

...Anti-walkers: t'write table and ask both plywood, but the gadgets and the machine haven't budged-without wetting! Tapes: I'll start dubbing when Lil can answer the phone so that, should I need the TV40, I'll have time to disengage it. If you want any of the other letters, let me know. Thanks for the trouble,